

# MESSENGER

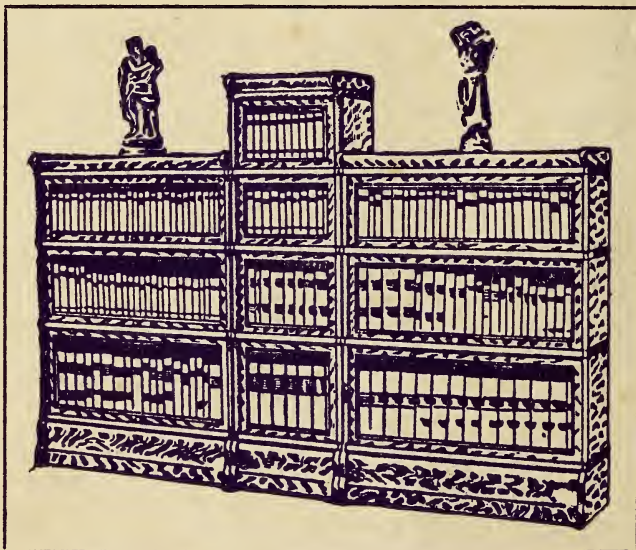


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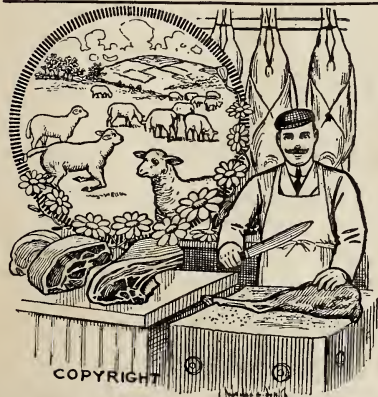


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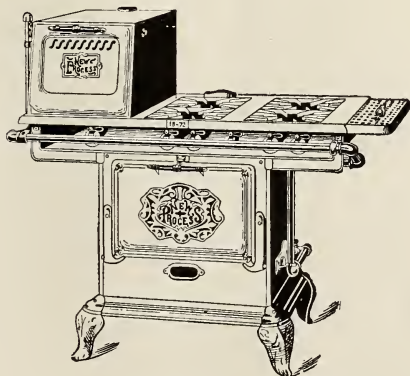
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# THE MESSENGER

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Published Monthly During the School Year by the Students of the Durham High School  
Durham, N. C.

Entered at Durham Post-office as Second-class Matter



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Contributions from the Students of the Durham High School and Alumni are earnestly solicited.

All papers must be written in ink on one side of the paper only.

All contributions must be signed, but the name will be withheld if desired.

Hand all manuscripts to your Grade Representative or to the Editor-in-Chief.

Articles intended for publication must be placed in the hands of the Editor fifteen days before the date of issue.

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## The History of the Class of 1908

BY MAYE BOWLING, '08.

"Expectata dies aderat," when on September, 1904, old '08 was first ushered into her sphere of life. The horses of Phaethon were ushers that morn of a glorious class indeed—at least the class thought so, for we were no exception to the rule. Yet the class of '08 was soon recognized as the most learned, best looking, and most conceited ever seen, since—ask the teachers! But the school was not startled by any brilliant conquests that first year, as all seemed to go in the usual routine of first year high school life.

The next year brought the class together with few changes, and after the first glamour of the greatness of second year life had gone to reveal the actual conditions, the class realized that—well, second year pupils were not so great after all. No one imagined that the class entertained such a thought, for, being of a decidedly progressive, conservative nature, they still clung to that spirit and great characteristic of the first year—self-conceit.

While this "succession of events was marching on," we suddenly found ourselves "assuming" a more dignified and seniorified air; for were we not in the third year? The recognition of the importance of the class soon settled on the room and manifested itself in a select few, especially. Indeed, the northwest room thought itself to be a peer of that southwest corner; yet, "wonderful to relate," the hot spirits won out before the cool-headed ones!

But, now, "the elements are so mixed that nature might stand and say to all the world, these are seniors." Thus we stand today; some have left their parts uncompleted in this play of life of their own accord; some, on account of the "will of the gods;" and others, because—the teachers know! Also, many changes of the faculty had occurred when we resumed school life as fourth year pupils. A new

principal had come in with that winsome smile that won all the first day, to take the place of the resigning principal. Words are powerless to tell of the way he was missed whom we had all learned to love and fear as "pupils do their schoolmasters" in the twentieth century! We, also, welcomed with joy two other teachers.

Yet, with all these changes, one is able to perceive in our class a mixture of all the four elements; and that indefinable something we discover in a few is the quintessence, I suppose. But we know we have no villains in our class,—one of the teachers said we did not; they are as true to nature as Shakespeare's characters, none wholly bad; none wholly good; but, we have all representatives of the "muddy vesture of decay."

A fair male representative of the quiet dignified senior is Tillman Mathes, whom it seems we have not fully known; but, to my amazement, the other day I heard Janie Brandon, with a deep moan, say, as she cast her brown eyes glistening with sympathy toward Tillman, "There never yet was flower fair in vain." And her eyes lighted with a gleam of hope. Well, who would have thought it? Yet, "truth will out," as Launcelot tells us.

Now, Launcelot—every one knows, though—is Lawrence Cowan, who, besides being jester in the Merchant of Venice, is—but, of course, you know who he is! This reminds me. I heard soon after this play had been successfully rendered,—most of the actors were of our class—two of the actors, yes, I believe there were three, say it was such a help in so many ways. And I believe it, too, for we understand the characters in our class so much better. This is no digression; I was attempting to lead to this point; we found out that Lawrence was a very successful suitor. Why, he and a girl and her sweetheart went to the class party we had Christmas together!

There are several others, also, in this class for whom a certain girl has a peculiar fascination. As they look at her with her "sky-blue pink" dress on and those blue, blue eyes, they sigh and murmur, "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all;" while she, with a toss of her head, says, "bragging," and looks toward the great business manager of the class of '08. Why, of course, it is Ruby Markham looking toward Wellie Glass, who thinks this enough praise and appreciation of all his faithful work as business manager of the magazine and the Dramatic Club. But our football star, Charlie Whitaker, sighs; who, at the first of each month when he looked at a special card handed him, wondered why upon the gridiron

the principal should stop him with such "prophetic greeting," yet, runs and makes that longed-for touchdown.

These blue eyes must truly appeal to athletes, for our baseball players, also, seemed to have come under their influence—Percy Spencer and Fred Hamlin. We find here another influence of that play; the former was Gratiano, the latter, Tubal. The mention of the play brings to my mind so many things. Can you imagine our Funny Man in a more funny position than, as the curtain is about to rise, as Morocco looking into Portia's eyes to gain some sympathy—and saying with tears in eyes and voice, "This is no joke; you reckon I could wear my everyday shoes?" Thus was Owen Wrenn still seeking sympathy of Mary Loomis Smith.

But, everyone always desired to gain sympathy of those dark eyes; and she was exchange editor, was she not? But, being musical, she naturally would be without sympathy, and as for her care to increase her musical talents, since someone is especially fond of it—ask Bassanio! And Shakespeare loved music, too. But no one is likely to be "fit for treasons, stratagems, or spoils" in this class, anyway. Maria Murray and Annie Bagwell could well prohibit this.

But, speaking of those dark eyes; they had such magnetism as to draw our great electrician to the gate a block away from her home! Everyone knows Leon Jones as our electrician, who, with Mary Loomis, was the originator of the "Good-night Club;" a characteristic of which is, that the charter members were initiated—so I have heard, but Lela Markham and Ethel Thompson could give more specific news of this club. We have all hopes to believe that the membership of this will steadily increase, if gay-spirited and witty Lela, and Ethel, with her infectious laugh, still retain their membership.

Why, they were actually attempting not long ago to obtain our stately and fair Sadie Cozart, who "never talks," as a member. All seem anxious to associate with her, though, since we think we can gain some height, for which we silently long—especially Clair Young and John Faucette. Oh, what a pity Swift did not see these! Yet, we have found out that it is true, valuable things come in small packages. In one is centered the gentleness and politeness of the class of '08; in the other, the angelic expression we others try to assume. Jerusalem! this expression does not have to be "assumed" by Annie and Roberta West—Florence Green would have said "cousin."

Some of our illustrious group were "born great, some achieved

greatness—by association, I suppose—and “others had greatness thrust upon them.” Of this last set Mary Croom is foremost, and ranks with Ella Boddie at her right. Now, Mary Croom has ever been of a decidedly domestic temperament; yet nature had had her enticements which lured Mary—as the green velvety grass on the hillside and the shallow waters at its feet. From Ella Boddie with James Manning we had hoped ere this to get a paper on the “Advantages of a Year of Prep School Life.” But, as our hopes have been in vain, yet while there is life, there is hope, so there is no need for despair.

Anyway, time brings changes and things unexpected. Who could believe it? John Newton has really learned enough English to quote two lines, which, as he strained his ears to hear a reply of Ruth Poteat’s in class the other day, softly quoted: “Heard melodies are sweet; but those unheard are sweeter.” The president of the Tennis Club was wholly unconscious of this, though, for she never plays love games. But Florence Green thinks “that love for one, from which there does not spring wide love for all, is but a worthless thing;” or, at least, makes the boys think she thinks so, and, as for them, they consider it best to “love but one, and cleave to her.” Richard can inform us more fully upon this. Florence, in her light-heartedness and joviality, has been the cheer of our class. Why, Willie Rogers turns away from Greek and his mental struggle over the “to be or not to be” and smiles at her remarks. Daisy Rogers—our sweet representative girl graduate—cannot refrain from smiling at the words of Florence and Lela, for she realizes they are only teasing.

About this time Douglas Hill and Cecilia Henry would always come with the awful calamity of the death of Nero to relate. Who was Nero? Never let them know you do not know Nero! Our dignified president of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society will show an expression of pity for your ignorance and then, of course, Cecilia will be still more a “scorner of the ground.” But these two figures are dim to us; better known to Chapel Hill.

Leah Boddie and Viola Alderman never told us the joys of riding in a lunch wagon,—maybe our English teacher could—which we were very anxious to hear; yet, we would still like for them to inform Maud Crews. We have never quite understood these thoroughly, yet it is enough to know we love them—a certain portion of our class, at least, so Maud says. But, going back, perhaps the president of our class might inform Maud about this question, as he

generally knows most things—Mr. Joseph A. Speed. He surely has the opportunity of learning great things, since he is editor-in-chief of the magazine; and does it not contain “great” things? Then, Bassanio is generally victorious!

Another prominent feature of this class is its lovable character; and one, especially, has received practical effects from such. Samuel Ralph Malone was loved so much, indeed, that when his fingers touched his lady’s bracelet, why, she did the most feminine act, and—washed the bracelet! At which, Mamie Newman’s eyes lit with wonderment to find one such girl; for in all her thorough review of books and life none such had been found before. Ethel Mangum glanced at her bracelet and then across the room into the eyes of the stately and well-dressed Richard Taliaferro, or the modern Sal-arino. While Yeddie Gladstein, who happened to have turned from her Latin to find some one “like unto Dido,” turned away at this, yet looks farther up the row. But Rosaline Young sighed and looked across the room at the baseball player, and then at Ruby. Rosaline! our youngest classmate whom we thought untouched by the waves of this development of life.

But how many things are revealed to our eyes in the revolution of time; those we thought we knew we find we do not; those unknown before are only known to be unknown! Yet, this is life. The greatest specimen of mysterious mortals in our class is Bertha Wilson—unknown formerly, unknown today. Yet, this very mystery in which she is shrouded was always a fascination and still remains.

Indeed, there is a mystery in which all our class has become veiled. Our teachers cannot understand it, but with their “quality of mercy never strained,” they have tried to find the secret, why the most intellectual class cannot be the most noisy! Miss Lila Markham, through her great and endless love for us, unworthy as we are, has nearest reached it; while Mr. Green is still striving to understand seniors in a high school. Mr. Greever knows us “as of yore” with the “world too much with us,” while Mr. Campbell looks at himself and asks the oft-repeated question, “Is this Mr. Campbell?” Miss Nann Jordan and Miss Jamison, too, often look at us as if to ask, “Is this that world-renowned fourth year class?” But Mr. Marten, knowing, never tells!

“Yet, such is the glorious class of '08, which has spent many pleasant and cloudy days!

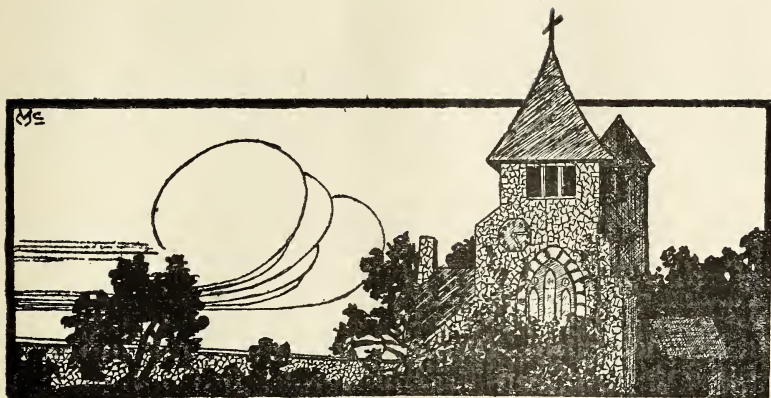
“Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
—Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not good-night,—but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good morning.”

---

Come on, Sam, you got de hoe?  
You know hit's time we'se gone.  
Come on, boy, you is so slow.  
Go git de bait; now run  
We ought ter ketch dem cats ternight,  
Hit's jist de kind I laks,  
Wid dis here bait dey'll *hab* ter bite;  
Quit steppin' in my track.  
Bad luck'll git you, triflin' scamp,  
Ef you don't quit dat way  
O' followin' folk's heels, you tramp;  
Der you hear whut I say?  
Is dem poles crossed? Now look here, boy,  
You wants ur ole-time beatin'.  
Come straight to me now, Sam McCoy,  
I'll gib your back some heatin'.  
Take dat—and dat—and go on home,  
And git off fum here quick.  
Do one ur tudder, you can't come,  
Ur take anudder lick.  
I hates ter make de boy go back,  
He laks cat-fishin' so,  
But he mus' keep out o' my tracks  
Ur I'll ketch no cats, sho'.

—Adapted.





## The Prophecy of the Class of 1908

BY MARY LOOMIS SMITH, '08.

What a glorious day it was! But "what is so rare as a day in June," especially one in the Alps. As far away as the eye could reach, the towering mountains lifted their hoary heads proudly against the summer sky, in overpowering grandeur, and stretched their verdant bases in a never-broken, "eternally varying" line. Below in the little valley nestled a lake whose crystal waters rivalled the beauty of the heavens and the bits of floating sky that lay mirrored on its peaceful bosom.

While I was drinking in the beauty and grandeur of it all, which seemed as vague and evasive as the almost invisible mist that lingered on the peaks, there floated up from the valley the mellow tinkle of the village bell and on a distant mountain some shepherd sent the yodel reëchoing through the mountain caves and recesses.

Amidst this rural beauty there came to my mind thoughts of my classmates, who had but recently gone forth into the battle of life, and of the dear old class of '08. What, I wondered, did the future hold out to us, what successes and what disappointments and failures, what cards of fate had Fortune dealt into our hands?

I was so engrossed with these thoughts that I had failed to notice surrounding conditions and with alarm became aware that one of

the sudden mountain storms was coming on. The sun had disappeared and but faintly were the gloomy mountain tops now outlined against the sullen sky; the placid waters of the lake were ruffled into miniature waves by the rage of the north wind. I realized that it would be useless to try to retrace my steps home and felt that the best thing would be to find shelter beneath some cliff or in the darkness of some mountain cavern.

Just as the first large drops began to fall I made my way into a cave, on the loneliest side of the loneliest mountain that could be, so it seemed to me. I groped through the darkness and stumbled around a curve which brought me to the interior. But lo! "my hair stood up with horror and my words clung to my lips." For in the far recess of blackness were the embers of a dying fire, and stirring them up was an old creature who looked as old as the mountains and as hideous and appalling as the imagination might fancy. "So withered and so wild was her attire, that she looked not like an inhabitant of earth."

She had dark eyes that seemed to burn into one's very soul, lips that were blue and shrunken; her jaw was hollow, and she had a wrinkled, ghastly skin which was fringed about with dead, lank hair of a pale gray.

Then I noticed that a small cauldron hung over the fire above which the hag was muttering incantations, and on the wall hung, in many rows as if to dry, a profusion of herbs and weeds. In the center of the cave was an earthen statue, which had three heads of a singular and fantastic cast; they were formed by the real skulls of a dog, a horse and a boar; a wild representation of the ever-dreaded Hecate.

Just then a large poisonous snake that was coiled up near the fire awaked from its torpor and raising its hideous head hissed warningly as it darted out its forked tongue.

The weird creature turned at the cry of her pet and regarded me as I stood trembling with fear and murmuring excuses. "Who are ye?" said a hollow and ghostly voice in reply, "and what do ye here?"

The sound, terrible and deathlike as it was, seemed rather the voice of some bodiless wanderer of the Styx than that of a human being, but "screwing my courage to the sticking place," I again managed to stumble out my reasons for invasion and pleaded shelter.

She seemed to be unconscious of my words, and interrupting, demanded that I should make known my desire. "For," she said, "to

me, servant of Nox and Erebus, is given the power to reveal to thee the future by command of the divine Hecate; what will ye?"

I dimly recognized my opportunity, and took advantage of it. "Reveal to me, O thou weird sister, the future of my classmates," I commanded, and the witch, after consulting the bottomless pit that roared incessantly at the back of the cave, nodded assent.

It was with a throbbing curiosity that I watched her preparations for performing the mystery. The fire was renewed and the cauldron boiled merrily as one by one mysterious looking objects were cast in it. Several times she paused in the more occult rites to mutter

"Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

And now the witch turned to me. "Speak not!" she commanded, "or all will be for naught. Peace, the charm's wound up!"

She spoke and immediately, ushered in by vivid streaks of lightning and terrific thunder, came a weird, unearthly light that converted all into a ghostly blue. I thought the last day had come, so to speak, but when I recovered from the shock I became aware of several dim shadowy figures encircling the magic cauldron.

On closer scrutiny these proved to be my old classmates, who formed "The Riding Clique." I dimly recognized in the foreground Lawrence Cowan, Ralph Malone and John Faucette, who still retained that angelic face. They were mounted on poor, broken-down jades, and Lawrence, who, I believe, was professor of some college in Rome, acted as spokesman. "Indeed—er—we would have—er—discarded these—er—long ago, but—er—we belong to an order that stands—er—for the prevention of cruelty towards animals." Thus he spoke, and, with many learned gesticulations, rode off slowly and disappeared into the shadows, followed by his companions and *other* dim figures, likewise mounted, whom I could not distinguish.

Next there appeared around the cauldron the solemn shadows of Roberta and Annie West, who were making a pilgrimage in the Holy Land. Tired and worn out, they seemed, but as they passed on they turned their radiant countenances and there arose the triumphant strains, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem."

As they disappeared there came before my astonished eyes Janie Brandon and John Newton. Janie was stunningly rigged out in the latest French styles, while John, who was carrying a *dress suit case*, seemed vigilantly attentive. In reply to my wonderment, Janie said, with a twirl and a giggle, "It's not what you think—Daddy wouldn't

allow that—we're just going to a co-ed college and *he's* carrying my book satchel."

I didn't know whether to think myself disappointed or not when Douglas Hill and Cecilia Henry came tripping in on the "light fantastic toe." On their faces was pictured exultating joy, and they triumphantly waved a society paper which contained their pictures and an account of their presentation before the English court, in which they had shone just as in school days they had dazzled Chapel Hill society. As they were melting away into the air, Cecilia turned. "I am going to catch a lord if I can," she declared with determination.

Just then a lone, solemn figure appeared. Lo, it was Tillman, and he carried a decidedly domestic implement, while on his face was an expression which seemed to say, "Who'd have thought it!"

Mamie Newman appeared in tourist garb and in her hands she held fragments of skeletons of geocorise and entomostracous crustaceans that had been excavated. She had been sent out by a great college that she might write her famous bugology treatise on "The Anatomy of Ancient Bugs."

Daisy Rogers appeared as the staid and stately head of the Domestic Science Department of the Misses West's very select boarding school for young ladies, situated in the suburbs of Roxboro, within whose sacred precincts no member of the opposite sex was ever allowed. Annie Bagwell, though she was one of the younger and gayer teachers, was running the school while the Misses West were in Palestine. Close behind her came Yeddie Gladstein, whom I readily recognized as the dignified teacher of Latin. Maude Crews and Ethel Mangum completed the group. They had been sent there for a three-fold purpose: to take a special course, including art, poetry and music; to get the ever present masculine out of their heads, and to get polished up."

Just then the cauldron boiled furiously while the lightning darted and the thunder pealed violently, and with a mighty bound Leon Jones stood in the circle. "I," he said, "am a mighty electrician who, by the wonderful—yea—marvelous rapidity with which electric sparks fly across the firmament, have been able to accomplish anything, even to cause this storm. There is nothing electricity cannot do. It has made a cat's fur stand on end—yea, it has even caused *me* to tremble."

Thus speaking, he passed on, while the air was made bright with flashes.

I was not surprised to see Rosaline Young and Viola Alderman together and with them was Ethel Thompson. Trailing behind in long succession were boys—long, short; thick, thin; handsome and otherwise—all kinds and varieties who were lured on by occasional glances. "Into the valley of death rode the six hundred!" Among the victims I recognized the ever gallant Richard Taliaferro, Charlie Whitaker, the football professional, and near Rosaline rode those heroes of the athletic field—Percy Spencer and Fred Hamlin. As for Ethel she had that veritable Chesterfield—James Manning—all by herself and a few others, especially one whom I am sure her heart *Felt* to be present, though he was then in the rear ranks.

The last one of this merry throng had faded away and suddenly there was a great calm. In the midst of a great multitude I beheld the Hon. Jos. A. Speed, who was swaying the nation with his eloquence. What subject could he be discussing that caused such wild enthusiasm, I wondered! I drew nearer and heard. He was extolling the virtue of the famous "Speed's Brain Pills!" and many there were who purchased thereof. It had been the crisis of his life whether "to be or not to be" a doctor or politician, and compromising, a combination had resulted.

When this grandeur had passed I felt that something *great* was coming, and it came. I saw advancing Ella Boddie, Mary Croom and Maria Murray. They formed a renowned trio of international fame. Maria sang and played, Ella lectured on the advantages of a prep. school education—she was greatly aided in this by some notes and statements of James Manning—and Mary was a great cooking demonstrator and discourses on "Home Making," or, in other words, "How to Hold a Man After You Get Him."

After this a sorrowful figure crept in: "Eimi-En-Esonai," it murmured, and I recognized Willie Rogers. "Why this muttering of Greek that has vanished with our other knowledge?" I was tempted to ask, but with a reproachful glance he disappeared in the mist—an upside down smile on his pathetic countenance.

Leah Boddie and Ruth Poteat next appeared. They were artists, and noted by their picturesque costume, and were keeping Spinster's Hall—not because they couldn't help it, they informed me—but because—well—because they preferred it, but I could tell by a certain light in their eyes and the arrangement of their hair that each had "a certain one in view."

It was amidst a great blaze of electricity that Florence Green appeared. Carried away by her former success in the "Merchant of

Venice," she had gone on the stage and was playing the role of the heroine, who must have been some queen, from the splendor of her costume and the beauty of the attendants. Last, but not least, there was a wonderful *he* in the question. Suffice it to say she was in her glory. The "*Amorous Jessica*" wasn't in it.

Owen Wrenn, our class phunny man, came clad in peaked cap and motley robe, jingling with bells. Alas! he was jester for his majesty King of Spain! "I took the job for one-half of a year and I'm about half played out now," he solemnly declared. It gets too phunny when you have to be phunny every day."

Bertha Wilson was still talking. This time she was on the platform speaking to an excited crowd of women on the rights of the fairer sex. She was a woman suffragist. But she had never outgrown her love for mythology and odd illustrations came from the stack of myths stored away in her brain—such as Juno politically working King Æolus, etc.

Suddenly the scene changed and a shady lane came into view. Strolling down this were Clair Young, who is noted for quality rather than quantity, and Lela Markham. Lela had certainly never forgotten the charm of blushing, and if Clair had been a billy goat—which he was not, however—he would have had his horns talked off.

After a dignified pause I beheld Wellington Glass seated in his private office in the forty-eleventh story of a New York skyscraper. Before him on his desk were a "dish of doves" and a great pile of money and checks. Leaning back in his easy chair he contemplated them with great emotion and satisfaction, murmuring, "This is the very defect of the matter."

Following the great financier came Ruby Markham, "that of hir smiling was full simple and coy." Though she had grown taller, she was the same old Ruby, who had never quite outgrown the elegant expressions that she had used in her youth, such as "Stylish!" "Fine!" "Bragging!" "Why is a Fish?" and other such nonsensical whims. But she soon made me aware of the fact that the wish of her life had been obtained (I might have known it by her very air). How many hay-wagons—Venus—or rather evening stars—had not been worn out by this same wish! She could have company—at night—in the parlor—for a whole hour!

It had likewise made impression on some others for her alluring blue eyes, Schubert's Serenade softly rendered and a faint light all were irrepressible forces.

Then there was presented to my eyes an astonishing scene—Sadle

Cozart was demurely entertaining a youth who bore all the ear marks of a freshman. The old adage that says something about the heart being too full for utterance must have been true, in this case at least, for during a whole hour the only words spoken were "Pretty day, don't it?" and other such interesting weather predictions.

A deathlike stillness now prevailed and I had a presentiment that the great light of the great class of noughty eight, Maye Bowling, was coming. With intense expectation I waited. What was she, I wondered—a great author, poet, teacher—a famous prima donna or actress—or what? For we had all expected great things from her. But alas! I was doomed to disappointment, for after all, she had settled down to a life of domestic tranquility. She had lost none of her former beauty—happiness had added to it. It had been very interesting and romantic since it had begun way back in those school days when "they were a couple of kids," but of course they didn't think that. He still thought her an angel, but it must be confessed she was minus the wings. To think that she should have violated her protestations of spinsterness! But in reply to all my reproaches she only smiled "sorter happy like."

She passed on and I saw the blue light flicker and heard the wind as it whistled in the hollows go "ooh." The whole scene became dim and was fast receding, and I cried, "It is not finished—what is the glorious future of our teachers, O thou woman of mystery?" Warningly the witch placed a bony finger on those shrunken lips, "The rest is silence!" she shrilly cried—and all was darkness.

When I came to my senses I found myself at the foot of a high precipice that rose in the air a mighty, impenetrable mass. Above, the stars cheerfully twinkled in the vast vault of the sky and just then the vesper bell pealed out in silvery tones, momentarily disturbing the silent calm of a peaceful twilight. As I stood, bewildered, in the midst of all this serenity I wondered—had it all been a dream?

# Fourth Year Phoolosophy

BY OWEN Z. WRENN, '08.

In looking over the lives of great men in our past history I find that they were men who had to perform hard tasks. Realizing this I take up my arduous task. And truly it is a hard task. In these matter-of-fact times the world will accept facts only, and not mere delusions of the imagination. Therefore, in taking up my work, I knew that I must stick to facts. As it was my duty to write about the 4a class it was necessary that I get some facts from them, and that is where the difficulty came in, for any of the faculty will tell you what a task it is to get any facts from the 4a. Indeed, I can truly say that I got more facts *about* the 4a class than I did *from* the 4a class.

In looking over our record I find several things to our credit, as the 4a class see credit. Indeed, it is with a feeling of pride that I glance through our record.

I find that we have created the maximum amount of misconduct in ten months (quoting Miss Lila); a record which has never been broken by any tenth grade, although it is rumored that the ninth grade (Miss Lila's grade) has us beat. (I didn't get that from Miss Lila).

Another remarkable quality about the 4a to be admired is our lack of showiness. We are not ostentatious. We are not always showing our learning. In fact, Mr. Greever and the faculty say there is not anything at all to show for our high school training.

We also have the best developed chewing gum squad in school. We show up remarkably well in team work.

Our class can also claim honors in persistency. To illustrate: Miss Florence Green, our honored Poetess, wrote thirteen poems on spring, and then finding that she could not express her emotional feelings, she wrote one on all four of the seasons. Such persistency is bound to win success.

I will not take time to enumerate all of our honor roll students, and besides, someone might think we were conceited.

We also have a band known as "The Gideon's Band," a band of faithful workers. Girls excluded, at least none have applied for membership. The members are: Chas. Whitaker, president and leader in all exercises; Richard Taliaferro, Ralph Malone, Percy Spencer, and Lawrence Cowan. They are the charter members.

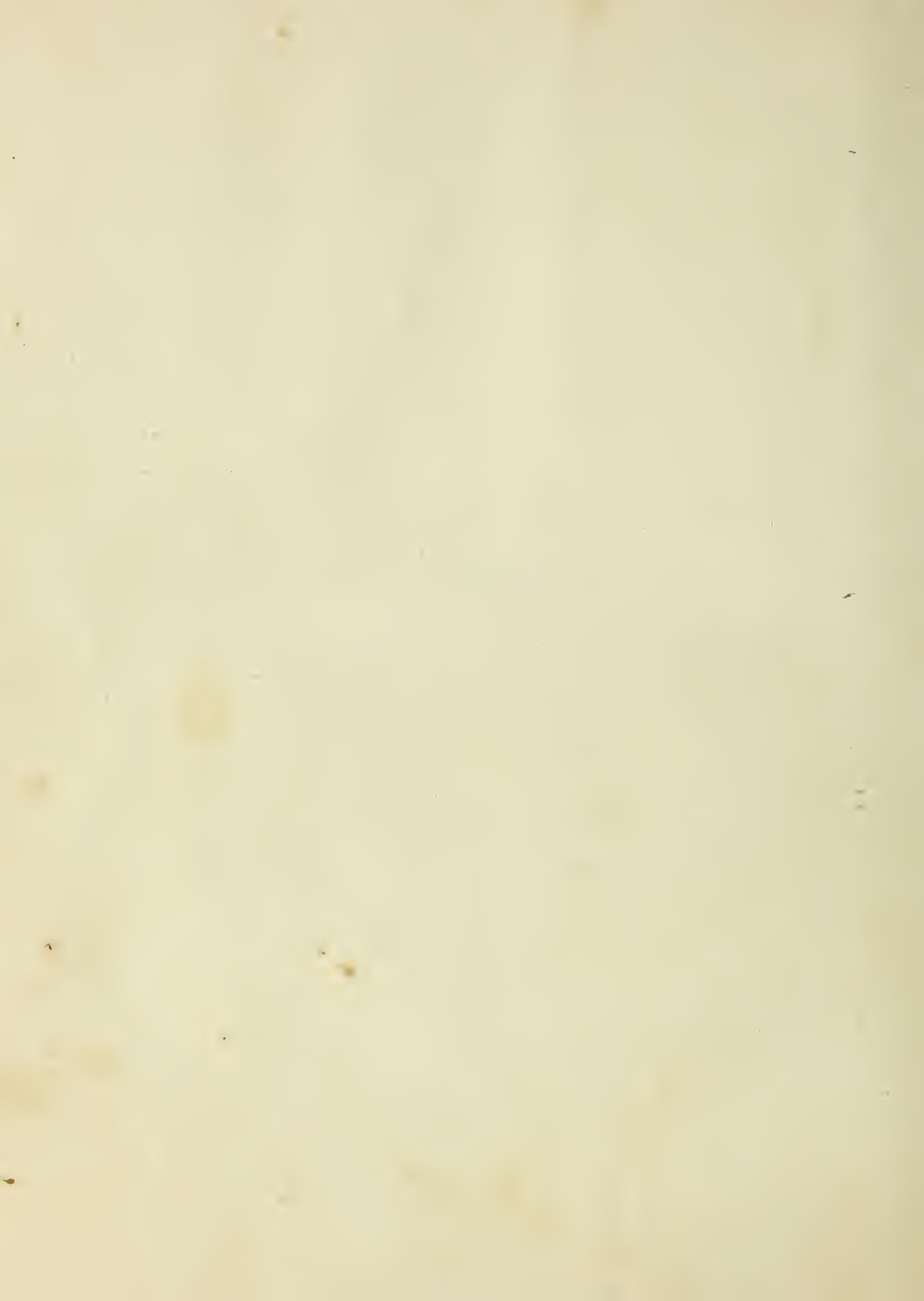


Graduating Class  
Durham High School  
1908



To the  
**High School Faculty**

whose faith, patience, sympathetic guidance and high  
ideals have ever been an inspiration to us,  
this number of the Messenger  
is lovingly dedicated





MINNIE VIOLA ALDERMAN.

"The Poet's eye in a fine frenzy  
rolling."



ANNIE CORINE BAGWELL.

"But, for to speken of hir conscience,  
She was so charitable and pitous."  
Class Treasurer.



MAYE BOWLING.

"Her very flowers are fairer far,  
Than smiles of other maidens are."  
Class Historian, MESSENGER Staff,  
Dramatic Club.



ELLA MARGARET BODDIE.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy-  
flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."



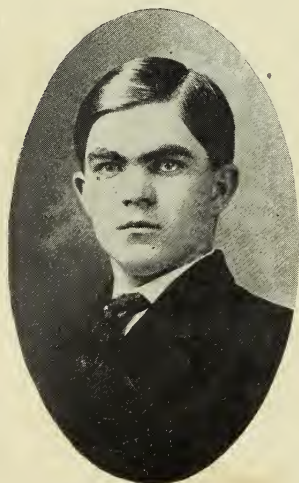
JANIE BRANDON.

"Black were her eyes as the berry  
that grows on the thorn by  
the wayside."



LEAH BODDIE.

"And Frensh she spak ful faire and  
fetisly."



JNO. B. NEWTON.

"A little Latin and less English."



MAUD CREWS.

"She answered him with short sen-  
tences."



TILLMAN J. MATHES.

"From love's weak childish bow he  
lives unharmed."



MARIE EVANGELINE MURRAY.

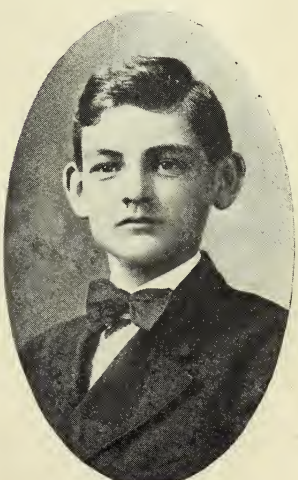
"A wee, wee, winsome being."



RUBY LEE MARKHAM.

"As though a rose should shut and  
be a bud again."

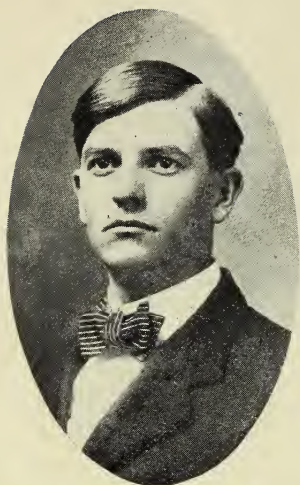
Dramatic Club.



B. ST. CLAIR YOUNG.

"A great man is always willing to  
be little."

Sub. Ball Team, MESSENGER Staff.



EUGENE W. GLASS.

"Nowher so bisy a man as he ther  
nas."

MESSENGER Staff, Dramatic Club,  
Sub. Ball Team, Vice-Pres. Class.



DAISY ROGERS.

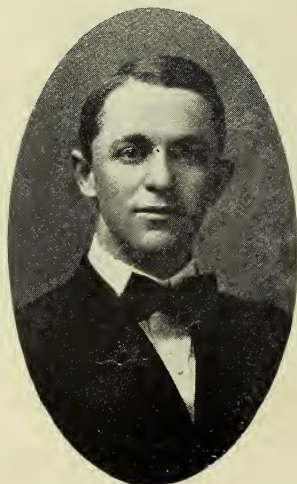
"Gentle and true, simple and kind,  
was she."



MARY LOOMIS SMITH.

"Charms strike the sight, but merit  
wins the soul."

Class Prophetess, MESSENGER Staff,  
Dramatic Club.



JOS. A. SPEED.

"And oft thy voice in dreadful thun-  
der spoke."

Class Orator, MESSENGER Staff, Pres-  
ident Class, President Blackwell Lit-  
erary Society, Dramatic Club.





LAWRENCE H. COWAN.

"A prudent consideration for Number One."  
Dramatic Club.



SADIE COZART.

"And mighty hearts are held in slender charms."



FLORENCE GERTRUDE GREEN.

"A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle and waylay."  
MESSENGER Staff, Class Poetess, Dramatic Club.



JNO. M. FAUCETTE.

"A nameless piece of Babyhood."  
Sub. Ball Team.



YEDDIE GLADSTEIN.  
"Thy heart is so big."



CECILIA HENRY.  
"I to myself am dearer than a  
friend."



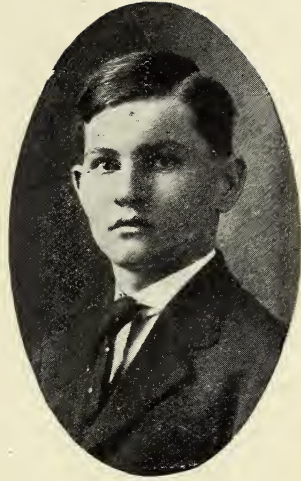
DOUGLAS HILL.  
"A great sweet silence???"  
President Cornelia Spencer Society,  
MESSENGER Staff.



RUTH ISABELLA POTEAT.  
"And beauty born of murmuring  
sound shall pass into her face."  
MESSENGER Staff, Manager Tennis  
Club.



ETHEL FRANCIS THOMPSON.  
"Hearts with hearts delighted should  
strive to be united."



JAS. S. MANNING, JR.  
"He is a verray parfit, gentil  
knight."



NINA ROBERTA WEST.  
"Civilized men cannot live without  
cooks."

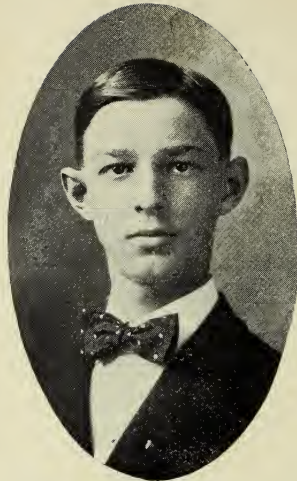


CHARLES P. WHITAKER.  
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy  
toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight  
oil?"  
Captain Football Team, Dramatic  
Club.



ANNIE ISABELLA WEST.

"And so she smiles nor frowns, nor  
pouts,  
That looks divine can put to rout."



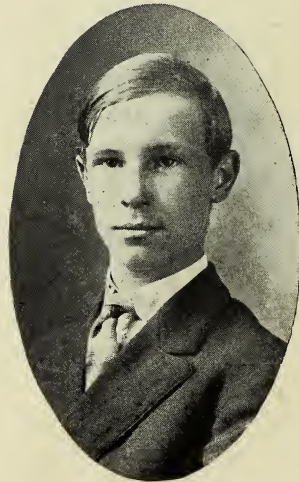
SAMUEL RALPH MALONE.

"He speaks an infinite deal of nothing."



BERTHA FLOWERS WILSON.

"Wilful she is in the infirmity of  
childish questioning."



PERCY C. SPENCER.

"O, how that glittering taketh me."  
Ball Team, Dramatic Club.



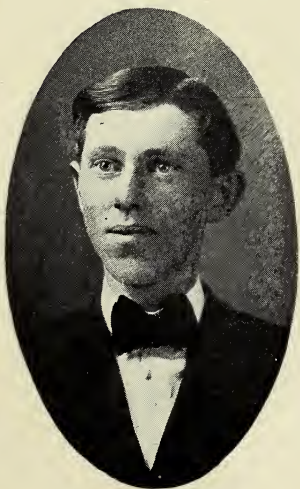
JULIA ETHEL MANGUM.

"Farewell! I'll grow a talker for  
this year."



MARY LILLIAN NEWMAN.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy  
merits."  
Class Secretary.



FRED E. HAMLIN.

"Women do not fancy timid men."  
Dramatic Club, President Blackwell  
Literary Society, Ball Team.

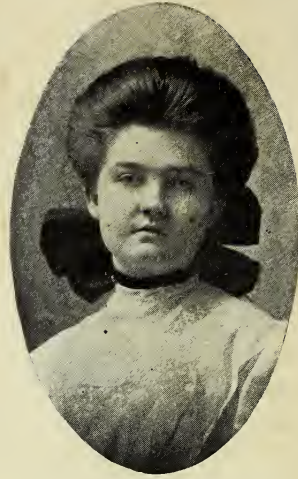


WILLIE ROSALINE YOUNG.

"I have a reasonable good ear in  
music, let's have the tongs and  
bones."



LELA BELLE MARKHAM.  
"Her eyes were deeper than the  
depth of water stilled at even."



MARY FRANCIS CROOM.  
"Brains, not size."



LEON M. JONES.  
"A lovyere with loppes crulle as  
they were leyde in presse."



WILLIE ROGERS.  
"Always at work."

# City High School

## Class Day

Summer Nineteen Hundred and Eight



High School Assembly Room  
June 1, 11:00 A. M.

## Class Roll



Viola Alderman	Ethel Thompson
Annie Bagwell	Annie West
Leah Boddie	Roberta West
Ella Boddie	Bertha Wilson
Maye Bowling	Rosaline Young
Janie Brandon	Lawrence Cowan
Sadie Cozart	John Faucette
Maud Crews	Wellie Glass
Mary Croom	Fred Hamlin
Florence Green	Leon Jones
Yeddie Gladstein	Ralph Malone
Douglas Hill	Tillman Mathes
Cecelia Henry	James Manning
Lela Markham	John Newton
Ruby Markham	Willie Rogers
Ethel Mangum	Joe Speed
Maria Murray	Percy Spencer
Mamie Newman	Richard Taliaferro
Ruth Poteat	Charlie Whitaker
Daisy Rogers	Owen Wrenn
Mary Loomis Smith	Clair Young





# Program



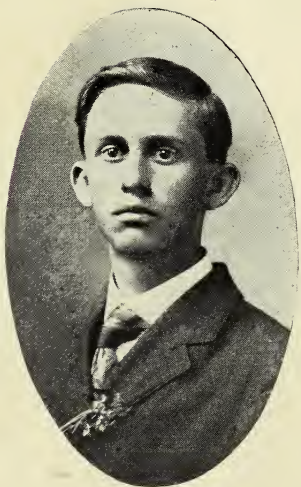
Music	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orchestra
President's Address	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Joseph Speed
Reminiscences	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Maye Bowling
Music	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orchestra
Class Poem	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Florence Gertrude Green
Class Knocker	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Owen Z. Wrenn
Music	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orchestra
Prophecy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mary Loomis Smith
Address to Undergraduates	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Percy C. Spencer
Junior Response	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fuller Glass
Class Oration	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Joseph Speed

Presentation of Class Gift

Report of Treasurer

Class Yell





OWEN Z. WRENN.

“Who chooseth me shall gain what  
many girls desire.”

Ball Team, President Blackwell Lit-  
erary Society, Dramatic Club.



They are expecting a goodly number of recruits from the next year's tenth grade.

And here I feel it my duty to speak a good word for the young ladies. Among the prominent girls, Mary Croom, Ella Boddie, and Maria Murray seem to stand out more in prominence than the others.

Those among us most noted for their timidity and coyness are: Lela Markham, Ruby Markham, Florence Green, and Douglas Hill. You could tell them on the street by the aforesaid qualities.

Another among us, well known, is Mr. Speed. He is also well known as a great editor, orator, and hot air dispenser in general. I would say more about Mr. Speed, but, on account of the above mentioned qualities, he can speak for himself.

Next in line is Mr. Glass. Mr. Glass, I am proud to say, is destined to be a great and famous man. For this reason—I have always heard that bad writing is a mark of fame. By that I take it that the said gentleman is in the first stages of fame. For it is not questioned but that Mr. Glass has the worst fist in school. The gentleman also has a hankerin' after all matters pertaining to money. Furthermore, it is rumored that he has an inclination toward society. For he was caught trying on his brother's dress suit.

The next claim to my attention is Maye Bowling, the maid with the tender voice and winning smile. As all of her sex, she is able to speak for herself, but I am moved to make a few remarks concerning her.

Rumor has it that she is preparing a series of strong speeches to be used jointly between herself and Leah Boddie in a campaign for woman's suffrage, to be started in a short while. I am not positive as to the truth of this statement, but I am certain they would win if anybody could. They are nobly assisted in this work by the other members of the Club of Woman's Rights: Annie West, Roberta West, Mamie Newman, Sadie Cozart, and Ruth Poteat. In all their club meetings they have Clair Young and John Faucette to represent the little and detested sex—man.

Another among our many geniuses we have Mr. Leon M. Jones. He is rather well known as a singer, but that is a secondary matter. The one thing of which I wish to speak is an invention, the invention of a gas engine. Now, on first thought you would say there was nothing strange about a gas engine. But being, as I said, a genius—he set to work on this, which was to him a great problem. By some

means in the past he had found that gas was very much like hot air. This naturally put him to thinking. He also knew one other fact, and that was that there was a lot of hot air floating around in this world, especially in the 4a class. Then it was that he made his first experiment. As it was a scientific fact that girls could talk more and say less than any other form of humanity, he knew he must center his efforts on that side of the class room. Of course these experiments were carried on secretly. The mechanism for collecting the gas or hot air was placed overhead, unknown to the girls. The experiments were made while the boys were at physical training. Mr. Jones made some careful calculations and found that in fifteen minutes, enough gas had been collected to run a ten horse power gas engine thirty days, and enough to run one man crazy. Marvelous, you say, but nevertheless true.

Mr. Jones found that the gas thus obtained worked all right except frequent jerkings of the engine, caused by high pitched voices, or perhaps because of some Latin or Greek words getting mixed in.

He then went to work in earnest, and soon hopes to announce to the world his wonderful invention. A gas engine complete; a filter attached which gets out all profanity and rough language; and a gas accumulator suitable for women's clubs and all social gatherings. We are proud of Mr. Jones.

Among us is another one destined to become famous on account of her accomplishments. I introduce to you Miss Mary Loomis Smith. Among her many qualities is the art of teaching. Teaching what? I blush to say it. But having fortified myself against my conscience I make bold to state this hitherto unknown fact. But I must say that I am not the only divulger of this secret, for there is soon to appear a book upon this subject by the lady in question. I confess that I was somewhat startled when I heard from her own lips that she was soon to begin directing a class in higher lessons in spooning. I was amazed, I was shocked.

I was promised a front seat at all of her recitations to keep this a secret, but it matters not now for her first lessons are to begin immediately after school closes. The summer course will consist of moonlight spooning, and general indoor and outdoor spooning. The winter course will, of course, be different, but more definite announcements will be made later. It is with pride that we look upon the accomplishments of one so well known as Miss Smith. Still she has not become so well known by her own qualities alone, but she has had careful tutoring by one among us who is also well known in that branch of art. I refer to Miss Lila B. Markham.

Another gentleman now has the floor, Mr. Tillman Mathes. Seeing Mr. Mathes looking very much depressed one day I very timidly asked him why he was thus grieving away his heart. He shook his head in a despondent way and explained. He explained, that, as the time for the closing of the school drew near, he felt more and more the love he had for the 4a class, and it was with a feeling of despair that he would lay down the duties of high school life. I found that I had waded into sacred ground and tried to back out by changing the subject. I wanted to know what vocation he was to follow in after years. At this, his face brightened and a smile played around the edge of his countenance, then I knew I had struck the right chord, and pressed him on.

When he told me, I was not very much surprised, for it has been evident for sometime past that he is gifted in that certain line of work. Mr. Mathes hears the call of the stage, and within the next few years he expects to make his bow to the public as an opera singer. He also intends teaching elocution on the side.

Another change in scenery.

Another bright star in our crown is Miss Bertha Wilson. She is well known as an asker of foolish (?) questions. But the thing she is most noted for is her extensive knowledge of old myths.

The extent of her knowledge is not so strange, for others know about myths, too, but the fact that stirs me to speak is she has made some startling discoveries regarding these myths.

I shall not try to enumerate them, for her book on this subject will soon be on the market (price 23 cents per copy). However, I will state a few of the most remarkable ones.

Among others she finds the names of some of the gods and goddesses are not appropriate and not harmonious with this modern age, consequently she makes some changes, which she claims will make myths more interesting to us twentieth century people. Finding the need of something modern, she changes Apollo to Pearline, and Venus to Sapolio, and many others, which, with her reasons for doing so, will be explained in her book. One other remarkable fact she discovered is that the sun god didn't use a chariot to circle the world, as has been believed for many centuries. She claims that it was a red French automobile. She also has some good proof that those old people were ahead of us in science. We are ready to believe anything.

For fear of seeming conceited, and besides, I can see by your faces that some of you are asking yourselves how did I endure it, I will close this harangue by simply stating that I am proud to be from this great 4a, '08.

# Class Poem

BY FLORENCE GERTRUDE GREEN, '08.

Wilt thou not, oh students, meet us  
As we plod our varied ways  
Somewhere on life's path to greet us  
And recall these happy days?

Oh! what pleasant visions haunt me;  
'Tis a glorious sight I see,  
As I look into your faces  
All the days come back to me—

Days when fondly we did cherish  
Love for honor, truth, and right,  
In the labyrinths of lessons  
We did make a noble fight.

When we tasted from life's goblet  
Both its sorrows and its joys,  
Yet we could not know its meaning—  
We were only girls and boys.

So my heart is filled with sorrow,  
At the thought 'tis almost pain;  
But there comes this consolation,  
"Sometime we may meet again."

Yet there wait not in the future  
Days like these—now past and gone.  
Ah, the happy moments wither  
And we meet the world alone!

Yes, we'll waste no time in sighing.  
D. H. S., be not depressed;  
Other students take our places,  
And '09 will stand the test.

For our days are past and gone,  
Gone, gone, gone, forevermore;  
Now no teacher's eye is near us,  
Now no teacher's ear can hear us,  
And we meet the world alone.





## Class Oration

BY JOSEPH A. SPEED, '08.

*Mr. Chairman, Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

One of the many questions that political economy has to settle and is impatiently awaiting a solution of is the question of "Capital and Labor." I wish to say something for and against both, without catering to either. Many things have been said about this economical puzzle that a more searching analysis would show to need a great deal of modification.

As man's industry and self-restraint grew, he produced by his labor not only enough for his immediate necessities, but also a surplus which he saved to be used in aid of future labor. There followed a corollary that he whose saving from his own labor had increased the product of another's labor was and should be entitled to enjoy a share in the joint result, and in the fixing of these shares was the first agreement between Capital and Labor. This is what has led to the accumulation of capital in the world. It is the mainspring of human action, which has raised man from the barbarism of early ages to modern civilization.

Labor needs capital to secure the best production, while capital needs labor in producing anything. We will begin with the universally accepted proposition that no two men are constituted alike. It therefore follows that no two think exactly the same thoughts nor are they affected exactly by the same environments and surroundings.

Some are born in the centers of education and refinement, others in ignorance and barbarism; some are rugged, others are frail. In short, our physical and mental capacities are not equal nor our opportunities. Some must be wiser than others, some richer and

some both wiser and richer. This is in perfect accord with natural law. If all were rich as the richest there would be no rich; if all were poor as the poorest, there would be no poor. There are extremes in everything. However, the ambition of human life is to move onward and upward; to achieve, to conquer.

Back in the early ages we were an independent people, in the sense that we made and raised every necessity of life and bought practically nothing.

Now we live in an age that is strictly coöperative. We all labor jointly for the same end and results.

How does the capitalist gaze at this economic puzzle? Does he see both sides? Not fully; if so, he does not act accordingly. Does he get the laborer as cheap as he can? Why, certainly. Does the laborer do as little work as he can for the money he receives for his labor? Why, certainly. Well, in the beginning there is a narrow, covetous view, and then there is the cold business and what we call practical view. That is not practical. If it is, then it is wrong. People should stop trying to be so practical and business-like. Practical people do what is right. If doing as little work as you can for the money you are receiving is business, then there's something wrong. The laborer should feel he is doing his honest money's worth of labor and the capitalist should feel he is paying what is right and due for that labor. Oh, well, you say, that is idealism. Not so, it is reality and facts.

These little ill-feelings and jealous spirits accumulate and we have strikes. The laborer feels that he cannot live on his present wages and the capitalist feels that he will not be worth more than his present wages, so they form a crowd of restless, wild and infuriated men and refuse to work one moment longer for the same wages. Now, the wise laborer and wise capitalist will seek a common ground for both before they begin discussing; they go at the argument in a quiet, considerate and courteous manner. One of the great difficulties in reaching a peaceful solution of this question is the refusal of each side to take time to understand the attitude of the other. There are avaricious and covetous capitalists whose world is only the size of a dollar; their eyes never gaze beyond the territory and boundary line of a dollar. This is their sphere; they would grasp all they could legally or without regard of others and its effect upon labor. But there are laborers who would deal just as mercilessly with capital.

Dr. Lyman Abbott says that we are living in an age of fraternalism and that brotherly love is beginning to predominate in the world. This, he says, is demonstrated in our labor unions and our merchant associations and all of our various fraternal organizations. I would not think of doubting the words of that great editor and divine, but do we not find the majority of our strikers and restless laborers to be the lazy, the dishonest and the restless and shiftless poor? It is so easy for the idle, lazy, shiftless fellow to find fault and so easy for him to create a disturbance. "The idle hand hath a daintier sense." The idler can disturb, find fault, and advise how to work, but cannot work himself.

Of course the laborer should receive what is due him and possibly he is not getting a "square deal." So, what is a peaceful solution? Wouldn't it be well to have the wages of the laborer paid upon a sliding scale in proportion to the prices received for the product? This, it seems, would cause no one to grow fat at the expense of the other.

The search for money seems to be a craze that predominates the universe. We cease our search for the noble and the sublime and get down in the wild business sphere and seek money, money, money, day in and day out. However, there are some things money cannot buy, such as an education and real good old time logic and sense.

A young fop cannot walk into a drug store and call out egotistically for an amount of brains and learning. No, sir, that has to be labored after by the individual,—can't buy brains!

I am reminded of that immortal sonnet of Wordsworth:

"The world is too much with us: late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in nature that is ours.  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon."

Oh, how this fits our age, how he sounded the immortal note of a prophet. We are so worldly, so mundane, we get and spend, and that seems to be our mission. "Little we see in nature that is ours." You will remember that Wordsworth is our representative nature poet. We are so covetous we miss the sublime. Then the old prophet continues, "For this, for everything, we are out of tune."

Now, this is not pessimism here, but also reality and truth as it stands before us. Then he continues by saying, "It moves us not." This, I think, is the saddest line; we don't care, we are so indiffer-

ent; we have eyes, but see not, and ears, but will not hear the truth and take heed.

He says, "I'd rather be a pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;" paganism never gave a god that could think, feel, save and sympathize with humanity. Oh, this sonnet will ever be true, and should be studied by all the avaricious capitalists and laborers, and humanity at large. It takes in our age and the twentieth century completely.

You will recall the passage in the Bible where the talents were distributed. The man with two was just as great and honorable as the man with five. But, I fear, we are a little timid and I might say, we are "croakers," and sit idle because we are not as famous and great as others in some other phase of activity, and resemble the man with the one talent. Daniel Webster was a great orator. The average man dwindled and dwarfed in his majestic presence. The common debater went down before his logic and eloquence. Many lawyers fell by the wayside when Webster cleaved his way through courts and senates. All of this was the extraordinary outgrowth of talent centered in a single human being by an infinite creative power. In other words, Webster was one of nature's great monopolists in the domain of intellect. The same degree of what is called financial ability and talent would have led him to success in the commercial world. This means that power, physical and mental, are products of nature, not man.

The laborer should at all times keep in mind his ability, his surroundings and his opportunities, and the capitalists should do the same. They should work peacefully; not labor among contentions and strife.

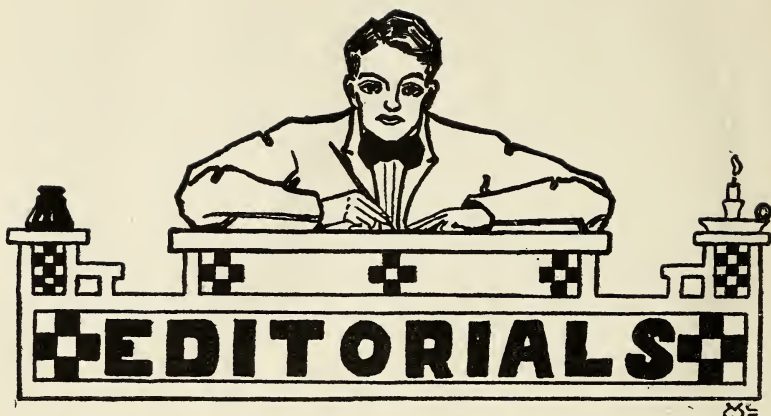
But do we not find the power to generate great ideas, the power to command great armies, the power to make great discoveries in the fields of science, the power to move the world by tongue or pen, the power to originate and conduct great industrial enterprises and also the accumulation of large fortunes, to be the inheritance and the work of a few?" Few people do all of the thinking and work in the world! It is demonstrated in business life, school life, and in every undertaking we go at.

Ladies and gentlemen, and class of '08, of whom I am glad to count myself a member, some of us, boys especially, are going out into the business world. Some may start out next year and some may continue their education, and I hope all who can do so will, but

the fundamental thought and last impression I wish to leave with you is that you choose your profession and life work, prepare yourself, work hard and honestly at all times, and forever live a life of sunshine and success. Discard all shallow sophistries and pessimistic prejudices, and live above the world of money and seek for the sublime and the beautiful. "Be wisely worldly, not worldly wise."

What does the one great book say with reference to man dealing with man? Do the other fellow before he does you? No!

If the laborer and capitalist could realize and practice and live out daily its truth. What does it say? "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If this busy worldly world could practice this daily, things would be in natural accord.



### THE LAST WORDS OF THE EDITOR.

With this publication of the MESSENGER the duties of the present staff cease. We hope the MESSENGER has been in good hands this year and has been up to its usual standard, if not above it. We hope its high standard as an up-to-date high school magazine has been raised just a little higher this year than last. Not that we are competing against the staff of '07, but because we believe that as the years go by the MESSENGER, having experienced more and lived longer, should improve.

We have had capable and worthy critics tell us that we had the best high school magazine in the State.

We exchange with the leading high schools of the United States. On our exchange table are magazines representing high schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all of which have given us encouraging and capable criticism. However, for fear of appearing a little pedantic, we leave the verification of the welfare of the MESSENGER with you who are interested in its welfare, and have read from its columns monthly.

On the other hand we have been criticised by many critics, not so capable, and have been credited with very poor management. This class or critics are usually the class that rank with Solomon, however. But this crowd of students with "hands of a daintier sense" must necessarily be found in a large number of students, so we pass them by wishing them well.

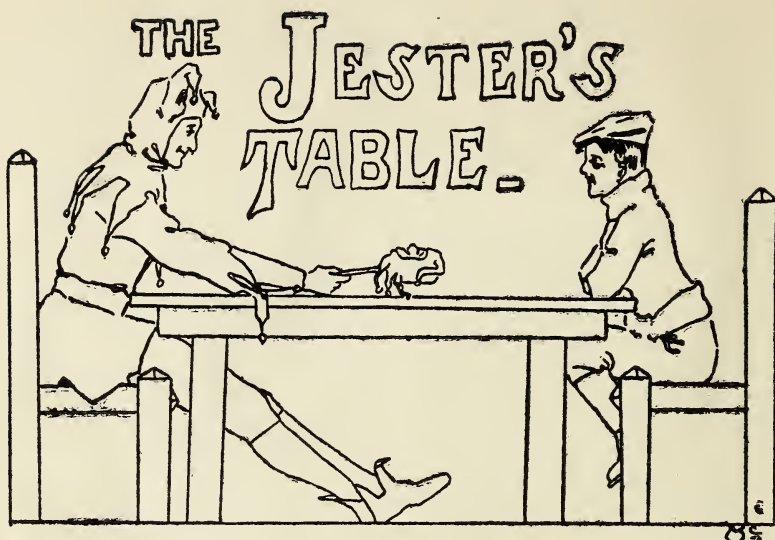
The staff wishes to thank individually Mr. Green and Mr. Greever, for their untiring labors and hearty coöperation with the staff and management of the MESSENGER this year. We owe the greater part of our success to you and wish you to feel that the staff appreciates all of this aid, if no one else.

Then we wish to thank the business men of our prosperous town for their support. We feel that your ads have been an investment that has been profitable to you, and your support means the life of our magazine. The staff also wishes to thank each student who has contributed to the MESSENGER in way of poem, prose, or an encouraging word at some time needed, instead of being of a sour "vinegar aspect" nature and attempting to crush the life of the magazine by your *cheap criticism*."

The staff also wishes to thank especially those students who always promised to write some production, but their composition we never received in any form or style except in a very unreliable promise. We would like to advise the incoming staff to pass these by also and depend on them for nothing.

We commend to the Durham High School the incoming staff for the next scholastic year. The most of the staff leaves this year, but we have every confidence in the ability of the new staff and shall expect a good record from you, though you will ever have our sympathy.

JOS. A. SPEED, '08.



Mr. Marten—"Miss Janie, I thought there was some white paper in the cabinet."

Janie Brandon—"You told me to get the vanilla paper."

\* \* \*

Wanted by Ella Boddle—"An ideal man" similar to Sam J. Gant.

\* \* \*

He stole a kiss and the angry Miss

Exclaimed, "I like your cheek!"

"That's good," he said, "I shave, you see,

Each morning of the week."

—Ex.

\* \* \*

### WARNING.

St. Peter at the Gate—"Who are you?"

Applicant—"D. H. S. student."

St. Peter—"Did you take the MESSENGER?"

Applicant—"Yes, sir."

St. Peter (opening the gate a little)—"And did you pay up your subscription?"

Applicant—"No-o, I forgot."

St. Peter slams the gate.



Say, wouldn't it be queer if Douglas Hill would cease to talk?  
But a still stranger thing if Bertha Wilson would cease to listen?

\* \* \*

The girl proposed,  
Her luck was bad;  
The chap referred her  
To his dad.

—Ex.

\* \* \*

#### PRINTING.

Printing's jolly fun for two  
If you happen to be blue.  
Get a dark room dimly lighted,  
Have your dearest friend invited;  
Spread your apparatus ready,  
Fix your printing pictures steady.  
There are other things to print.  
But I pause—it's rude to hint.

—Ex.

\* \* \*

When Hannah Pope sets her head there is only one person can  
Turn(h)er.

\* \* \*

A green little freshman in a green little way  
Some chemicals mixed just for fun one day;  
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave  
O'er the green little freshman's green little grave.

—Ex.

\* \* \*

Leah Boddie (talking excitedly)—“Yes, he was an Englishman  
from England.

\* \* \*

Why does Mary Alice look so often to the “West.”

\* \* \*

“Florence, what are your favorite plants?”  
Florence Green—“Ivy” and “laurel.”

\* \* \*

Mr. Campbell (in history class)—“Miss Blanche, who were the  
two chief officers in the State at this time?”

Blanche Wray—“The cohorts.”



We wish to acknowledge gratefully the receipt of the following exchanges during the year:

The Occident, West High School, Rochester, N. Y.

The Almanack, Ferry Hall, Lake Forest.

The Blue and Gold, Findlay High School, Findlay, Ohio.

The Park School Gazette, Trinity Park School, Durham, N. C.

The Spike, West Salem High School, West Salem, Wis.

The New Bern High School Magazine, New Bern High School, New Bern, N. C.

The Campus, University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.

The Retina, Toledo High School, Toledo, Ohio.

The Spectator, Paterson High School, Paterson, N. J.

The High School Review, Norfolk High School, Norfolk, Va.

The Red and White, A. & M. College, West Raleigh, N. C.

The High School Student, Newport News High School, Newport News, Va.

The St. Mary's Muse, St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C.

The Horner Cadet, Horner Military School, Oxford, N. C.

The Echo, Gouverneur High School, Gouverneur, N. Y.

Davidson College Magazine, Davidson College, N. C.

The Index, Oshkosh High School, Oshkosh, Wis.

The X-Ray, Rutherford College, North Carolina.

The Greensboro High School Magazine, Greensboro, N. C.

The High School Chat, Ypsilanti High School, Ypsilanti, Mich.

The Dragon, the Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Ohio.

The High School Enterprise, Raleigh High School, Oshkosh, Wis.

The Red and Black, Wendell Phillip's High School, Chigago, Ill.

Tileston Topics, Wilmington High School, Wilmington, N. C.

The Wake Forest Student, Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, N. C.

The Goldsboro High School Magazine, Goldsboro High School, Goldsboro, N. C.

The High School Item, Pasadena High School, Pasadena, Cal.

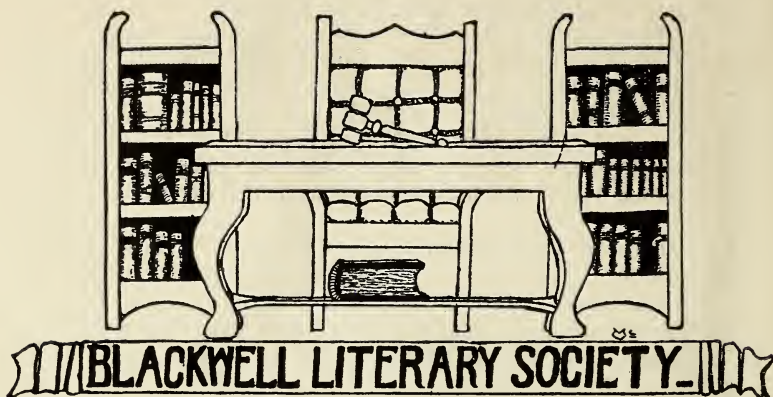
The Blackboard, Rocky Mount Graded School, Rocky Mount, N. C.

The Pilgrim, Salem High School, Salem, N. C.

We had not, indeed, intended to criticise any magazine this last month, but we feel that we must mention "The Derelict Soul," a poem in the High School Review for April. It is quite a good piece of work and we congratulate the composer. While it has a note of despair, yet it is a sublime despair like that in Shelley.

In addition, we wish to thank our exchanges for the kindly criticism we have received, and we trust we have profited by it. We appreciated the favorable and felt that after all, our efforts were not in vain, while we equally gladly received and appropriated the adverse.

We feel it our privilege to commend all the exchanges and to congratulate them on the splendid work they have put forth—a work of which they have a right to be proud. Here's to their former successes and continued prosperity!



As this is the last issue of the MESSENGER, it will be well to note the progress that has been made in the Society during the past year. Progress has been made in all phases of our school life, but none greater than in our Society work; though perhaps it is not so manifest as in the other branches. Our football and baseball teams have won many victories over other schools. Our Society has had no debating contest with other schools, but perhaps more debaters have been developed this term than ever before in the history of the Society.


The last quarterly election took place Friday evening, May 8. Those elected are as follows: President, Henry Pendergraph; Vice-President, Floyd Goodrich; Secretary, Elbert Chapel; Treasurer, Will Whitaker; Censor, Cheatham Carrington; Assistant Censor, Zeb Roberson, and Marshal, Percy Brown.

These officers will serve next year, and every one feels that a wiser selection could not have been made. Though all the officers of the past year have served faithfully, we sincerely hope and believe that the Society will prosper as never before under the new administration.

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the catalogue of the *UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA* for the session 1907-1908. It shows an attendance of 788 students. The faculty numbers 74. The University now comprises the following departments: Collegiate, Graduate, Applied Sciences including Chemical, Electrical, Civil and Mining Engineering, Law, Medicine, and Pharmacy.

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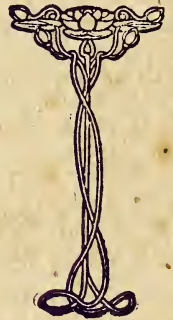
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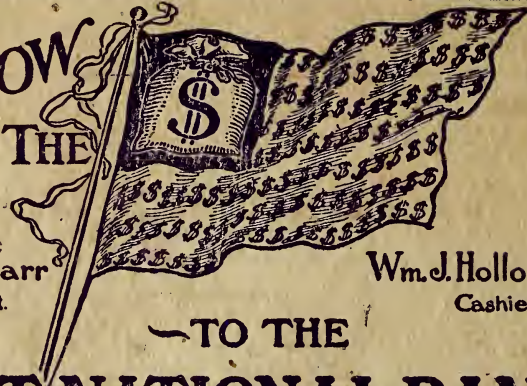
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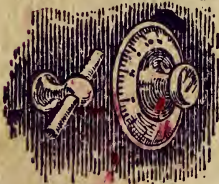
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
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